

The Mirror

OF

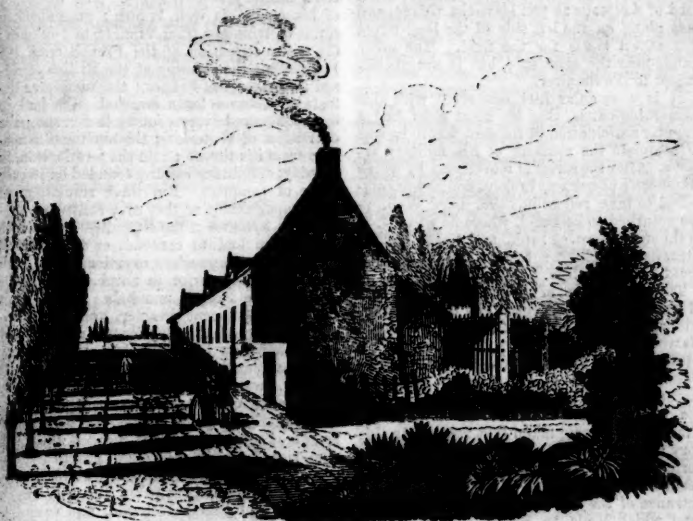
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 972.]

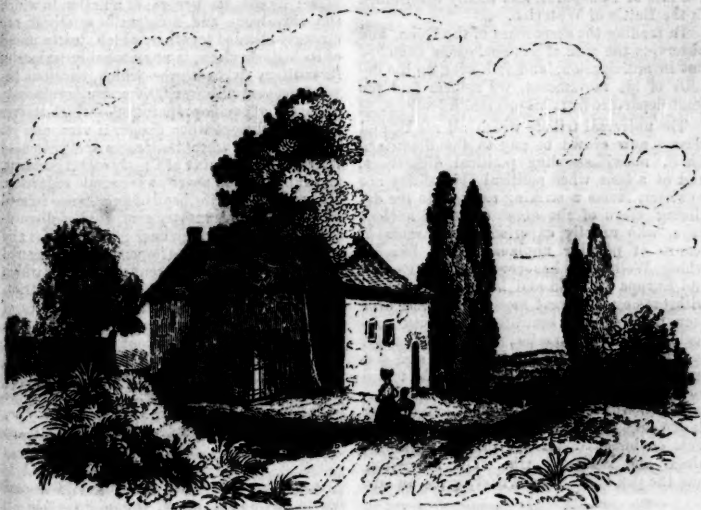
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1839.

[PRICE 2d.]

Wellingtoniana.—No. IV.



TOMB OF MAJOR STABLES, AT WATERLOO.



TOMB OF MAJOR ARTHUR ROWLEY.

WELLINGTONIANA.—No. IV.

THE above sketches of the tombs of two of the heroes who fell at Waterloo, and who were buried near the scene of action, continues the series illustrated in former numbers of the *Mirror*. One of them stands in the little yard of a cottage as you leave the village, and pass along on the left side of the long street thereof, *en route* for the field. The other stands near the same spot, but is not visible, except to the inquirer.

It is a singular fact connected with this memorable battle, that its great chief had a singular anticipation of the spot where he was to complete the measure of his military renown. After the series of movements by which Napoleon's power was broken, and he was compelled to take refuge in Elba, Lord Wellington returned to England, where he was raised to the most elevated rank, and to the highest situations which his sovereign and his country could bestow on him.

The appointment of ambassador to the court of France, however, caused him to leave England again in the month of August. He took his way through the Low Countries; and a letter to Earl Bathurst (in Col. Gurwood's Volume, xii., p. 123), accompanied by a memorandum "on the defence of the frontiers of the Netherlands," indicates one of the motives for his having taken that route. In this very able memorandum, one of the points adverted to, as being of especial military importance to the defence of Brabant, is "the entrance of the *forêt de Solignies* by the high road which leads to Brussels, from Binch, Charleroi, and Namur," the very place where the fate of Bonaparte was finally determined in the Battle of Waterloo.

In reading the despatches of the Duke, and observing the plan of his operations sketched out in anticipation, and following up the details of his movements, we seldom find the least departure from his original intentions.

The universal tribute which all ranks and classes now crowd to pay to the illustrious Chief, notwithstanding political differences, and at a time when political animosities are so bitter, forms a striking contrast to the declining years of the great chiefs of ancient days, who usually experienced the mutable tenure of popular applause. The benefits which Wellington has conferred on Britain and Europe are solid and lasting. And, notwithstanding his great merit, there has ever been a noble and beautiful simplicity connected with his character, showing that duty, and not ambition,—the public good, and not personal aggrandizement, has been the main-spring of his actions. This is the solid foundation on which his reputation is based. He stands, like the Ionic column, without an impress on his character but that of solid usefulness and lasting worth. The following, from the pen of a recent writer, gives an ad-

mirable summary of the contending elements he had to master and direct:—"A constant recollection of these circumstances, and of the peculiar and very difficult task which was committed to his charge, is necessary in forming a correct estimate of the Duke of Wellington's military achievements. The brilliancy of his course is well known; an unbroken series of triumphs from Vimiera to Toulouse; the entire expulsion of the French from the Peninsula; the planting of the British standard in the heart of France; the successive defeats of those veteran marshals who had so long conquered every country in Europe; the overthrow of Waterloo; the hurling of Napoleon from his throne; and the termination, in one day, of military empire, founded on twenty years of conquest. But these results, great and imperishable as they are, convey no adequate idea, either of the difficulties with which Wellington had to contend, or of the merit due to his transcendent exertions. With an army seldom superior in number, to a single corps of the French marshals; with troops dispirited by recent disaster, and wholly unaided by practical experience; without any compulsory law to recruit his ranks, or any strong national passion for war to supply its wants, he was called on to combat successively vast armies, composed, in great part, of veteran soldiers, perpetually filled by the terrible powers of the conscription, headed by chiefs who, risen from the ranks, and practically acquainted with the duties of war in all its grades, had fought their way from the grenadier's musket to the marshal's baton, and were followed by men who, trained in the same school, were animated by the same ambition. Still more: he was the general of a nation in which the chivalrous and mercantile qualities are strongly blended together, which, justly proud of its historic glory, is unreasonably jealous of its military expenditure—which, covetous beyond measure of its warlike renown, is ruinously impatient of pacific preparation—which starves its establishment when danger is over, and yet frets at defeat when its terrors are present—which dreams in war of Cressy and Agincourt, and ruminates in peace on economic reduction. He combated, at the head of an alliance formed of heterogeneous states, composed of discordant materials, in which ancient animosities and religious divisions were imperfectly suppressed by recent fervour or present danger; in which corruption often paralyzed the arm of patriotism, and jealousy withheld the resources of power. He acted under the direction of a ministry which, albeit zealous and active, was alike inexperienced in hostility, and unskilled in combinations; in the presence of an opposition, which, powerful in eloquence, supported by faction, was prejudiced against the war, and indefatigable to arrest it."

The Public Journals.

[Nos. XII. and XIII. of the *Heads of the People*, complete the first part; they contain six characters, depicted with truth, saving the *Printer's Devil*, which is anything but the personage it is intended to portray. As a set off to the appalling effigy of *The Hangman*, we have a delightful representation of "*The Farmer's Daughter*," wherein is displayed more real loveliness and beauty than is to be found in all the *Hampton Court Beauties*: such innocent primitive archness! and such prodigality of angelic sweetness of disposition! It is a real portrait of a real English lass—purely British; that man must be made of curious clay, indeed, who could not fall in love with such a woman; for there is in her countenance—

"All that we believe of heaven!"

The following is Mr. W. Howitt's graphic description:—]

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

THERE'S a world of buxom beauty flourishing in the shades of the country. Farm-houses are dangerous places. As you are thinking only of sheep, or of curds, you may be suddenly shot through by a pair of bright eyes, and melted away in a bewitching smile that you never dreamt of till the mischief was done. In towns, and theatres, and thronged assemblies of the rich and the titled fair, you are on your guard; you know what you are exposed to, and put on your breast-plates, and pass through the most deadly onslaught of beauty—safe and sound. But in those sylvan retreats, dreaming of nightingales, and hearing only the lowing of oxen, you are taken by surprise. Out steps a fair creature, crosses a glade, leaps a stile; you start, you stand,—lost in wonder and astonished admiration; you take out your tablets to write a sonnet on the return of the nymphs and dryads to earth, when up comes John Tomkins, and says, "It's only the Farmer's Daughter!" What! have farmers such daughters now-a-days? Yes. I tell you they have such daughters—those farm-houses are dangerous places. Let no man with a poetical imagination, which is but another name for a very tinkery heart, flatter himself with fancies of the calm delights of the country; with the serene idea of sitting with the farmer in his old-fashioned chimney-corner, and hearing him talk of corn and mutton—of joining him in the pensive pleasures of a pipe, and brown jug of October; of listening to the gossip of the comfortable farmer's wife; of the parson and his family, of his sermons and his tenth pig—over a fragrant cup of young hyson, or lapt in the delicious luxuriance of custards and whipt creams: in walks a fairy vision of wondrous witchery, and with a courtesy and a smile, of most winning and mysterious magic, takes her seat just opposite. It is the *Farmer's Daughter*! A lively creature of eighteen. Fair as the lily, fresh as May-dew, rosy as the rose itself; graceful as the peacock perched on the pales there by the

window; sweet as a posy of violets and "clove-gillivvers;" modest as early morning, and amiable as your own imagination of *Desdemona*, or *Gertrude of Wyoming*. You are lost! It's all over with you. I would n't give an empty filbert, or a frog-bitten strawberry, for your peace of mind, if that glittering creature be not as pitiful as she is fair. And that comes of going into the country, out of the way of vanity and temptation; and fancying farm-houses only nice old-fashioned places of old-fashioned contentment.

Ay, many a one has found, to his sorrow, what trusting himself amongst barrel-churns and rows of bee-hives has cost him. His resolutions of bachelor independence have been whirled round and round, and resolved themselves into melting butter; he has been stung by the queen-bee, in the eye, and has felt all over pangs and twinges, as if the whole swarm had got into his bosom. Then has come a desperate liking to that part of the country; the taking that neat cottage just out of the village, with its honeysuckle porch, and willow harbour by the brook; the sauntering down the foot-path that leads past the farm of a summer's evening, with a book of poetry in the hand; the seat on the stile at the bottom of the wood; the sudden looking up—"How sweet that farm-house *does* look! What fine old trees *those* are about it! And that dear little window in the old gable, with its open casement and its diamond panes. And, oh! surely! yes—that is Anne herself, and I think she is looking this way!"

Then follow the sweetest walks down by the mill; the sweetest moonlight leaps over the sunk fence at the bottom of the garden; the most heavenly wanderings along that old quince walk—such vows! such poetry of passion! such hopes and promises of felicity; and then the old farmer looks over the hedge, and says, "Who's there?" There, this is a pretty go! Off goes Anne like the spirit of a young lamplighter up the garden, through the house, up the stairs at three strides, and there she is, locked and bolted in that dear little chamber, with the little diamond window in the old gable. She has sunk into a chair (it is a very soft one, cushioned comfortably all round, seat, back, and elbows,) and very wet is that white cambric handkerchief which she holds to her eyes.

But where is Captain Jenkinson! Oh! he's there!—and he's too bold and too true a lover to fly or sneak. There they stand, face to face, in the moonlight, the tall, slim Captain Jenkinson, and the tall, stout Farmer Field, with his huge striped waistcoat, ready to burst with hurry and indignation, and his great stick in his hand. "What, is that you, captain! My eye! What! was that you a talking to our Anne!" "Yes, friend Field, it is I; it is the captain that was talking to your adorable Anne; and here I am, ready to marry her with your consent, for never shall woman be my wife but your charming Anne!"

How that great elephant of a farmer stands lifting up his face, and laughing in the moon-light! How that "fair round corporation with good capon lined" (good Shakspeare, pardon our verbal variation in this quotation in courtesy to the delicacy of modern phrases)—how those herculean limbs do shake with laughter! But, now, as the tears stream down his face, he squeezes the youth's hand, and says, "Who could have thought it, captain—eh! Ha! ha! Well, we're all young and foolish once in our lives—but come! no more on't—it won't do, captain, it won't do!"

"Won't do! won't do! why should n't it do, farmer, why should n't it do!" "Why, becoss it won't, and that's why—a captain and old Farmer Field's lass—ha! ha! What will Lady Jenkinson say—eh! What'll that half-a-dozen of old guardians say—eh! The Honourable Captain Jenkinson, and the daughter of old Farmer Field! What'll they say—eh! Say I'm a cunning old codger; say I've trapped you, belike. No, no—they shan't say so, not a man-jack of 'em. Not one of the breed, seed, and generation of 'em, shall say old Farmer Field palmed his daughter on a gentleman for his houses and his lands. No, Anne's a tight lass, and John Wright will come at the right time; and when you'r married to my lady Fitz-somebody, and Anne's got the right man, come down, captain, and kill us a pheasant, and set up your horses and your dogs here, and we'll have a regular merry do, and another good laugh at our youthful follies!"

But all won't do. The captain vows he'll shoot all the old guardians of a row, and tell his mother to shoot him if they make any opposition; and the very same night he sticks a note on the top of his fishing-rod, and taps with it at Anne's little window, with the diamond panes, in the old gable; and Anne, jumping from the easy chair, looks out, seizes the paper, clasps her hands, casts down a sigh as affectionate, but inconsolable look, and sighs an eternal adieu!—then flying to read the note, finds the captain vowing that "she may cheer up, all *shall* go right, or that he will manfully drown himself in the mill-dam.

Now, there is a pretty situation of affairs! and all that through incautiously wandering into the country, of a summer's evening, and getting into one of these old-fashioned farm-houses. It would serve them all right to leave them in their trouble. It might act as a warning to others, and place the dangers of the country in their genuine light. But the captain would be almost certain to drown himself, he is so desperate (and then there must be a coroner's inquest, and we might, at a very inconvenient moment, be called up to serve upon it) we will for this once let things pass—all *shall* be right. The guardians relent, because they can't help themselves. Lady Jenkinson bounces a good bit, but like all bodies of a considerable specific gravity, she comes down again. The adorable Anne is not drowned in

her own pocket-handkerchief, though she has been very near it; and "The Times" announces, that the Honourable Charles Jenkinson, of the Light Dragoons, was married on the 7th instant, to Anne Louisa, the only daughter of Burley Field, Esq., of Sycamore Grange, Salop.

Merciful as we have been to this young and handsome couple, we think we have not failed to indicate dangers of no trivial description, that haunt the bush in England, though there be no lions; dangers out of which others may not probably so easily come; for, without a joke, the Farmer's Daughter in the bloom of beauty, is not to be carelessly approached. She can sing like a Syren, and is as dangerous as Circe in her enchanted island.

It is not to be inferred, however, that all farmer's daughters are like Anne Field. Ploppitiously as Providence has scattered beauty and good sense through our farms and granges, both these and other good things are given with a difference. There are such things amongst farmers' daughters as ranks, fortunes, educations, dispositions, abilities, and tastes, in as much variety as any lover of variety can desire.—There are farmers of all sorts, from the duke to the man of twenty acres; and, of course, there are farmers' daughters of as many degrees. There is a large class of gentlemen-farmers—men of estates and large capitals, who farm their two or three thousand acres, like some of the great corn-farmers of Northumberland; live in noble large houses, and keep their carriage and livery servants. Of course, the daughters of these, and such as these, are educated just the same, and have all the same habits and manners as any other young ladies. It is neither Cobbett, nor any other contemner of boarding-schools, and such "scimmy-dish things," that will persuade these damsels to leave the carriage for the tax-cart, the piano for the spinning-wheel, nor the fashionable novel for the cook's oracle. They will "stand by their order" as stoutly as Lord Grey himself.

Yet, if any body wishes to see the buxom, but housewifely, Farmer's Daughter, that is not afraid "to do a hand's-char," that can scour a pail, make a cheese, churn your butter—fresh as the day and golden as the crow-flower on the lea; can make the house look so clean and cheery that the very cat purrs on the hearth, and the goldfinch sings at the door-cheek the more blithely for it; can throw up a hay-cock, or go to market, as well as her grandmother did! why, there are plenty of such lasses yet, spite of all crinkum-cranoums and fine-figuredness of modern fashion. Have n't you seen such, north and south! Have n't you met them on single horses, or on pillion, on market-days, in Devon and in Cornwall! Have n't you danced with them on Christmas-eves in Derbyshire or Durham!

New Books.

MEMOIRS OF CHARLES MATHEWS.*

"I knew him well, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy. . . . Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar?"

[In the *Mirror*, vol. xxxiii. we noticed the two first volumes of the life of this truly amiable man; and we now turn to vols. III. and IV. which commence in 1818, with the close of the first season of the "At Homes," and ending with his lamented death in 1835. The work is written in the form of annals, each year being separately treated. A great proportion consists, like the two former volumes, of letters, connected by Mrs. Mathews's narrative. From among many good things we mark for citation the following letter—]

"To James Smith, Esq.

"Philadelphia. Feb. 23d. 1833.

"My dear Smith,—I imagine by this time you begin to be a little impatient, and perhaps anxious to hear from me, though I must suppose you have made every allowance for my apparent neglect. You have doubtless heard of the calamitous circumstances under which I landed in this country; and you will readily believe that it was a most unpropitious time to extract any thing like fun or humour from the natives, even had they possessed as much as the Irish. America was, at the time of my arrival, a huge hospital, and conversation a mere medical report. My 'commercial speculations' have been completely deranged, and though not destroyed, very materially injured. It was not till the frost set in that I could discover even a smile on any of the naturally saturnine, grave visages of the natives. You may suppose that I was not much disposed to writh myself, or to draw it from others, during such a visitation. This has naturally tended to delay me in those observations which I should otherwise have immediately commenced, on the habits and peculiarities of the Americans. At the same time it is my belief, that had I arrived after a successful war, and during rejoicings for peace, instead of days of mourning and sickness, I should not have discovered much more of merriment of character, humour, or any one ingredient of which I was in search, and which is now, in fact, the chief motive of my longer stay in the country. It will require all your ingenuity, all your fancy (and more than ever I possessed,) to find real materials in this country for a humorous entertainment. There is such a universal sameness of manner and character, so uniform a style of walking and looking, of dressing and thinking, that I really think I knew as much of them in October as I know of them now in February. The real, unadulterated natives, are only one remove from the Quakers: they never joke

* Published by Bentley.

themselves, and they cannot see it in others. They would stare at you as a white wonder; and be perfectly amazed how any man under a hundred years of age could possibly have collected so many good jokes, for they would be utterly incredulous that a man could utter his own wit. As they have never seen such people, they are not obliged to believe that they exist. If I excelled in narrative, and were a lecturer, allowed to be occasionally grave, I could find infinite variety of materials to dwell upon, and rather amusing too; but as I feel perfect conviction that I am never amusing without I assume the manner of another, I know not how to suggest matter for comic effects out of mere observations. I should be very much inclined to remove many prejudices that exist between the two countries, and most anxious to do justice to the upper orders of people. They are well-informed, polite, hospitable, unaffected. I can truly say that I have never experienced more attentions in my own country. I do not believe, at least I cannot discover, that they differ at all from the polished people of the same rank in England. They do not certainly approach to the ease and finish of our upper ranks. I should feel equally disposed to scourge, to flagellate, to score to the back-bone, all the middling and lower orders. They are as infinitely beneath the notions that Europeans entertain of them, as their superiors are above them. Not merely sullen and cold, but studiously rude. This I have no hesitation in saying. The stage-driver says, 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' to the ostler: but to a question from a person who has a clean neck-cloth, he instantly draws up, and, in the most repulsive manner, answers, 'No,' 'Ay,' or 'Very well.' The upper orders are literally slaves to the lower. The poorest people in the country will submit to exist in the most miserable manner, with their families, rather than any one of them should be degraded by servitude. The consequence is, that all the menial situations are filled by negroes (niggers,) and Irish and Scotch. This constitutes the great difficulty in picking up anecdote, character, or any thing that would be called peculiarity, in Ireland or Scotland; even in dialect, the same disappointment follows the attempt. All that is attributed by foreigners to the English appears to belong to the Americans, but with exaggerations—reserve, coldness, monotony, &c. The gravity of the upper orders, which is by no means displeasing, becomes perfect unkindness (to make use of no stronger expression) in the middling orders; for though I have used the term lower, I hardly know who they are, where they are, or how they exist. They appear to me to be too proud even to be seen. Not one American have I yet seen waiting at table, or in any situation where he might run the risk of being called servant. This is commonplace to you, I am aware, but I mean to assure you that the tourists have not exaggerated it; they are all within the mark. You will from this

perceive what difficulty I have to discover character or peculiarities. If I enter into conversation with a coachman, he is Irish; if a fellow brings me a note, he is Scotch. If I call a porter, he is a negro. I can't come at the American without I go to porter-houses, and that I cannot condescend to do. There are no phrases, no intonations, and no instances of bad pronunciation, false grammar, or incorrect English, that I cannot trace to be of English origin. Yorkshire, Somersetshire, and, above all, London, have supplied them most copiously. Here arises another difficulty. The impression would be, that there is no novelty in this—this has been done before—these are English characters. A week in Ireland would supply more drollery than twelve months here. Then again, all persons are dressed alike; nobody well-dressed, no one shabby. The judge, the barrister, the shopkeeper, the president, the member of Congress, the mechanic, the servant, without the slightest variation. Even in the courts of justice there is no distinction of ranks. The judge in the shabby blue coat and striped waistcoat, that the tipstaff wears. Now, I feel perfectly satisfied that my audience would yawn at this description of the people, even if it could boast of the recommendation of novelty. The Yankee is a term given by all the inhabitants of the other parts of the United States to those of the east exclusively. The larger cities boast of superiority in every respect, and speak of the Rhode Islander, and the Massachusetts-man, exactly as the English speak of all Americans, and have a contempt for a Yankee. I have just come from Boston in the latter state, and certainly I have discovered more of character there than in the cities of New York, Baltimore, or Philadelphia, where the language, generally, is better spoken than in London, or any part of England. I quite agree with you in your remarks, that a journal is necessary on a tour, but I doubt its use in America. 'The court of justice' is dulness itself. The Quakers' meeting would be a better subject, if the Quakers talked as much as the counsellors; and this again would be Westminster Hall on an uninteresting day, without wigs. The 'travellers' I have acted upon. But there is no 'travellers' room' at an inn. All travellers of every description are shown into the same room, and silence reigns amidst the smoke of cigars. The only notions I have had (droll to say) is a coach scene, *'à la diligence'*. Some of the summer dresses would be new to the English. Negro women dressed like Quakers—very common here. A very fat negro, with whom I met, driving a stage-coach (which are almost as peculiar as the French,) and urging his horses by different tunes on a fiddle, while he ingeniously fastened the reins round his neck. This would give an opportunity for the only costume which differs from that of our own country, the summer dress. With respect to songs, I really fear that I shall hardly be able to suggest subjects. The only striking subject

for a patter-song is the inordinate love of title; a remarkable instance of the weakness and inconsistency of these *simplic* republicans. Though the honour of knighthood bestowed on their president, even if he were a Washington, would rouse the country into a civil war, they are more ridiculously ostentatious of the petty titles that are recognised than any people under the sun. There is not any regular military establishment; a militia is kept up by occasional drillings, &c.; and, in case of war, this is their only effective force. The officers, therefore, are composed of all ranks of persons; and whether they have actually served or not, whether retired or in present exercise, they tenaciously exact their titles. On every road, even at the meanest pothouse, it is common to call out, 'Major, bring me a glass of toddy!' 'Captain Othello, three cigars, and change for a dollar!' 'Why are we so long changing horses, colonel?' This was addressed to our coachman—A fact! 'Why, Achilles is gone to get one of the horses shod, but the major is a good hand, he'll soon clap four shoes on.'—Othello, run to Captain Smith's for a pound of cheese.' I heard at New York—Colonel Hunter, your bread is by no means so good as that you baked at the beginning of the year.'—Sheriff, your health.'—Judge, a glass of wine.'—Counsellor, allow me to send you some beef.' They are chiefly remarkable for accenting the wrong syllable, in engine, genuine, enquiry. Located is in general use; *appropriated*, *ultimated*, &c. 'Admire,' is to have an inclination to do any thing, as, 'I should *admire* to skate to-day.' 'Ugly' means *ill-tempered*;—it is a pity such a pretty woman should be so *ugly*. If they speak of a 'plain woman' they say she is *awful*. 'Clever' is *good-natured*; as, 'He's a *clever* fellow, but a damned fool.' 'Considerable,' in the general sense, but as an adverb; as, 'He is *considerable* rich.' 'Guess' is always used in cases where no doubt exists:—'I *guess* I have a headache.' 'Servants' are called *helps*. 'Slick' is *nice*. 'A *slick* potatoe.' 'He did it *slicker*' (cleverly); and, 'slick right away.' 'My wife died *slick* right away'; that is, she went off pleasantly, but suddenly. 'That is a little too damned bad'; a little grain of water. 'Progress,' used as a verb; as, 'I guess our western States *progress* very fast'; i. e. improve. 'Admirable' is generally said. The particle *to* is very generally used (not by learned persons) after a verb; as, 'I guess it's a fine day. Will you *take* a walk?'—'I should *admire to*,' or, 'I have an occasion *to*.' 'When were you *to* Boston?' 'Have you been out in the rain?'—'Yes, but I had not ought *to*.' The following dialogue was furnished me by an ear-witness, who knew my desire to collect:—'Any thing new to-day, Mr. B.?'—'I guess I have not heard any thing.' 'How's your lady?'—'Nicely. She *progresses* fast under Doctor A. She comes on *slick*, and grows quite fleshy.' 'How's Miss Sabrina?'—'She's quite good (well).—She's a *joine* girl.' 'I

think she is, though she's rather awful.'—'I never saw her ugly in my life; and if she had but a pretty face, she'd be complete! Real!' 'Have you taken her to the theatre yet?'—'I hadn't ought to.' 'Why?'—'I guess I can't afford it.' 'Is not Mathews a favourite of yours?'—'Not by no manner of means. I wish he'd take himself off.' 'I reckon he'll take us off when he's at home in his own country again.'—'He won't dare to. We would not suffer that there.' 'He's a smart fellow' (applied to any talent); 'but I like a steady actor, as gives us time to admire him, and find out his beauties.'

'They use the word *raised* for *born*; or erecting a building:—'Where were you raised?'—'In Virginia.'—'I guess you have considerable hogs and niggers?'—'Yes, we have plenty of them black cattle.'—'Will you come and take a little grain of brandy or whiskey?'—'I should admire to, for I'm considerable thirsty; but I must first go and speak to the *gentleman* as looks after my nags.'—'Where does your horse keep?'—'At Colonel Crupper's livery stables.'—'I guess the Colonel has pretty damned bad help?'—'The ostler as tends the stable is a spy likely lad?'—'Yes, he's sly and well-looking, but pretty ugly.'—'I don't mind his ugliness. If he showed me any of it, I'd make him clear out pretty damned quick.'—'You'll find me at Sampson's grog-shop, I guess. You won't be long?'—'I'm coming right back. Tell Sampson to put a little grain of bitters in my brandy.'

'The strongest character is the *Landlord* of an inn. He is the most independent person in America. You must be impressed with the idea that he confers a favour upon you, or it is in vain to expect any accommodation. He can't be caricatured; I won't spare him an inch. He is, too, the most insolent rascal I ever encountered; he is the double-distilled of those qualities I described as appertaining to the middling orders. Here I can personate to advantage. It will be my main stay, my sheet-anchor. I have already three or four distinct specimens of the same species. The effect will depend more on manner than matter. *Par exemple*. If you arrive at the inn, the regular system of inattention and freezing indifference is instantly apparent. No one appears. You enter the house, and search about for a landlord or waiter. Probably you pass the former, but fearing he may be the Judge or the Governor of the state, you are afraid to address him. You find a *nigger*—no mistaking him. 'Where's your master?' (A black look) 'Dat Missa Rivers.'

'The following little dialogue took place with me. I respectfully solicited a room for myself and friend (an Englishman, who, like myself, was aware of the manners and customs, and hoped to be annoyed, for the sake of others 'At home.') Can we have a private room?'—'I guess you can, if there isn't no-

body in it.'—'Mathews. 'Can we have some dinner?'—'Landlord. 'Dinner! why, we've dined these two hours! It's four o'clock!' (All ranks dine at a *table d'hôte*). Mathews. 'Still, we have had no dinner: perhaps, sir, you would oblige us?'—'Landlord. 'I suspect, rather, we've something left as we had for our dinner. But you should have come sooner if you wanted to dine; this is no time for dinner, after everybody's done. It puts one's *helps* out of the way.'—Mathews. 'Well, sir, the help will be paid for his trouble; therefore try your best for us.' A Hottentot Adonis appeared, with his sleeves tucked up to his shoulders, (thermometer 90°), an effluvia arising from his ebony skin, that he ingeniously overpowered by one of greater power from a leg of lamb. Mathews. 'Any port-wine?'—'Yes, massa, berry good a wine.'—Mathews. 'Bring a bottle.' A bottle of mulled *Day and Martin* was brought.—'Any ice?'—'Not to day, massa; none in Elizabeth Town; a can't get a any *Sudday*' (Sunday.) At this moment enters mine host, who takes a chair, and sits down with his hat on, and a cigar in his mouth, and inquires who we are—where we are going, &c. 'Colonel Gym-pentick and Major Foale, going to Bristol.' Mathews. 'Your wine is very hot.' Landlord. 'Why, I don't know for that; it keeps in the bar.'—Mathews. 'Have you no cellar?'—Landlord. 'I suppose I have, but not for *that*. It's always in the bar right an end.'—Mathews. 'It's rather thick; have you had it long?'—Landlord. 'Three weeks and a bit. I fished it in my chay myself from Philadelphia, a little while back.'

'At four in the morning a messenger arrived in the mail, who inquired for me, having a letter for me from a friend, advising me to fly, as the fever, he knew, was in Elizabeth Town. Mine host guessed I was the man, and entered my room with a candle. Landlord. 'A letter for you, I reckon.'—Mathews. 'Did the messenger tell you to give it me in the middle of the night?'—Landlord. 'I guess he did not. It was my own contrivance.'—Mathews. 'It is an odd hour to wake a man.'—Landlord. 'I guess I did the right thing, and that there is always propriety. Whatever you perform fulfil that right away.' I was so tickled that I said:—'You're a pleasant man, how's your wife?'—Landlord. 'Why, she's tolerable well, but pretty poor' (very thin).—Mathews. 'Well, I shall not get up until eight or nine, therefore adieu! thou lovely youth. I must still think it was very extraordinary to disturb me.'—Landlord. 'Ah, I don't mind remarks when I fulfill propriety. I'm an honest man, and I presume I have done the right thing, and then remarks is equal. I am a docile man in church and state.'—Exit with candle.

'Another instance, lately in my journey from Boston to New York; nearly the same dialogue; but a different-looking being; a dear little punchy fellow, with a hat as large

as a tea-board, and such a tail ! He was just going to bed ; and when we asked for supper, he said, ' Why, we have supped these three hours ; what made you come to-night ? ' But this interview requires personation, and is one of the few instances of originality.

" I shall be rich in black fun. I have studied their broken English carefully. It is pronounced the real thing, even by the Yankees. It is a pity that I dare not touch upon a preacher. I know its danger, but perhaps the absurdity might give a colour to it — a black Methodist ! I have a specimen from life, which is relished highly in private. A little bit you shall have. By the by, they call the nigger meetings ' Black Brimstone Churches.' ' My wordy bredren, it is a no use to come to de meetum-house to ear de most hellygunt orashions if a no put a de cent into de plate: de spiritable man cannot get a on widout de temporalities; twelve 'postles must hab de candle to burn. You dress a self up in de fne blue a cot, and a bandalore breechum, and tink a look like a gemman, but no more like a gemman dan put a finger in a de fire, and take him out again, widout you put a de money in a de plate. He lend a to de poor, lend to de Law (Lord,) if you like a de seecority drop a de cents in to de box. My sister in a de gallery too dress em up wid de poke a de bonnet, and de furbelow-tippet, and look in de glass and say, ' Pretty Miss Phyllis, how bell I look ! ' but no pretty in de eye of de Law (Lord) widout a drop a cent in de plate. My friend and bredren, in my endeavour to save you, I come across de bay in de stim a boat. I never was more shock dan when I see de race a horse a rubbin down. No fear o' de Law afore dere eye on de Sabbat a day, ben I was tinkin of de great enjament my friend at a Baltimore was to have dis night, dey rub a down de horse for de use of de debbil. Twix you and I, no see what de white folk make so much fun of us, for when dey act so foolish demselve, dey tink dey know ebery ting, and dat we poor brack people know noting at all amose (almost.) Den shew dem how much more dollars you can put in de plate dan de white meetum-houses. But, am sorry to say, some of you put three cent in a plate, and take out a quarter a dollar. What de say ven you go to hebber ! Dey ask you what you do wid de twenty-two cent you take out of de plate when you put in de tree cent ! what you go do den ! ' I have several specimens of these black gentry that I can bring into play, and particularly scraps of songs, and malaprops, such as Mahometan below Cesar (thermometer below zero), &c.

... Song.

Oh ! love is like the pepper corn ;
It make me act so cute.
It make de bosoms feel so warm,
And eye shine like new boot !
I meet Miss Phillis tudder day
In berry pensive mood ;
She almost cry her eyes away
For Pomp's ingratitude.

' O lubby brushing maid,' said I,
' What makee look so sad ?'
' Ah ! Scip,' de brootous virgin cry,
' I feel most debblish ! bad !
For Pomp he stole my heart away,
Me taught him berry good
But he no lub me now he say !
Chah ! what ingratitude !'

I can no more; but you shall hear again shortly from yours, most truly,

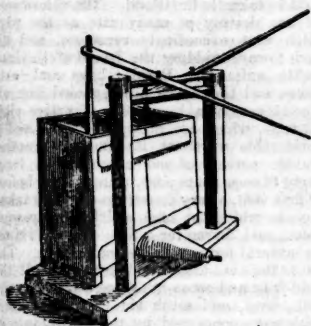
C. Mathews.

Manners and Customs.

ADVENTURES OF THE MISSIONARY WILLIAMS.

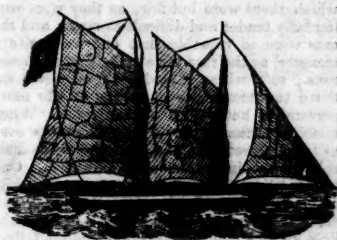
(Continued from page 233.)

On our arrival at Raiatea, I took my old English bellows to pieces ; not, as the tale goes, to look for the wind, but to ascertain the reason why mine did not blow as well as others. I had not proceeded far when the mystery was explained, and I stood amazed at my own ignorance ; for, instead of making the pipe communicate only with the upper chamber, I had inserted it into the under well, by which the wind escaped, and the flame was drawn in. To complete my perplexities, the rats, which, at Raietonga, were like one of the plagues of Egypt, as if by general consent, congregated during the night in immense numbers, and devoured every particle of the goats'-skins ; and on entering the workshop in the morning, I was mortified by the discovery that nothing remained of my unfortunate bellows but the bare boards. This was really vexatious, for I had no material to supply the loss. Still bent upon the accomplishment of my object, and while anxiously considering the best means "to raise the wind," for that was essential to my success, it struck me that, as a pump threw water, a machine constructed upon the same principle must of necessity throw wind. I therefore made a box about eighteen or twenty inches square, and four feet high ; put a valve at the bottom, and fitted in a damper, similar to the piston in the cylinder of a steam-engine. This we loaded with stones to force it down with velocity, and attached to it a long lever, by which it was again raised. Before placing it near the fire we tried it, and were delighted with our success ; but, on bringing it in contact with that devouring element, its deficiencies were soon developed. In the first place, we found that there was too great an interval between the blasts ; and, secondly, that, like its predecessor, it sucked in the fire so fast, that in a few minutes it was in a blaze. We soon extinguished the flames, and remedied the evil by making a valve at the back of the pipe communicating with the fire, which



opened to let out the wind, and shut when the machine was filling. To overcome the other inconvenience, we concluded, that if one box would give us one blast, two would double it; and we therefore made another of the same dimensions, and worked them alternately; thus keeping up a continual blast, or, rather, a succession of blasts. Eight or ten men were required to work them; but labour was cheap, and the natives were delighted with the employment. With this contrivance we did all our iron work, using a perforated stone for a fire-iron, an anvil of the same material, and a pair of carpenter's pincers for our tongs. As a substitute for coals, we made charcoal from the cocoa-nut, *tamanu*, and other trees. The first iron the natives saw worked excited their astonishment exceedingly, especially the welding of two pieces together. Old and young, men and women, chieftain and peasant, hastened to behold the wonder; and when they saw the ease with which heated iron could be wrought they exclaimed, "Why did not we think of heating the hard stuff also, instead of beating it with stones! What a reign of dark hearts Satan's is!" Nothing, however, in the ship excited more interest than the pumps; even the king was so much delighted, that he frequently had his favourite stool carried on board, and entertained himself for hours in pumping out the bilge-water. As we had no saw, we split the trees in half with wedges; and then the natives adzed them down with small hatchets, which they tied to a crooked piece of wood as a handle, and used as a substitute for the adze. When we wanted a bent or twisted plank, having no apparatus for steaming it, we bent a piece of bamboo to the shape required, sent into the woods for a crooked tree, and by splitting this in half obtained two planks suited to our purpose. Having but little iron, we bored large auger-holes through the timbers, and also through the outer and inner plank of the vessel, and drove in wooden pins, termed trenails, by which the whole fabric was held firmly together. As a substitute for oakum, we used what little cocoa-nut husk we could obtain,

and supplied the deficiency with dried banana stumps, native cloth, or other substances which would answer the purpose. For ropes we obtained the bark of the *Hibiscus*, constructed a rope-machine, and prepared excellent cordage from that article. For sails we used the mats on which the natives sleep, and quilted them that they might be strong enough to resist the wind. After making a turning-lathe, we found that the *aito*, or iron-wood, answered remarkably well for the sheaves of blocks. By these means the whole was completed in fifteen weeks; when we launched a vessel, about sixty feet in length, and eighteen feet in breadth, and called her "The Messenger of Peace," which she has proved to be on many occasions. The hanging of the rudder occasioned me some difficulty; for, having no iron sufficiently large for pintles, we made them from a piece of a pickaxe, a cooper's adze, and a large hoe. They answered exceedingly well; but, being doubtful of this, I prepared a substitute for a rudder, in case any part of it should give way.



The Messenger of Peace.

Thinking it prudent to try our vessel before we ventured to Tahiti, which was seven or eight hundred miles from us, I determined on a visit to our interesting station at Aitutaki, which was only about 170 miles distant. As the king, Makes, had never seen any other island, he determined to accompany me. Raising our wooden and stone anchors, and hoisting our mat sails, I took my compass and quadrant, and put to sea, accompanied only by natives. We had not proceeded above six miles from the shore when, in shifting the sails, the natives not observing what was said to them, and not being acquainted with maritime usages, let the foresail go, and, as the wind was very strong, it broke our foremast. Providentially, however, about twelve or fifteen feet above the deck was left standing; and, having cleared the wreck, and hoisted a part of our sail on the broken mast, we turned back, and were thankful to find that we should reach the land, although several miles to leeward of the harbour. We filled a cask with stones, which, in addition to our wooden anchor, we hoped might hold the vessel outside the reef; and if not, I resolved on the desperate alternative of running upon it, by which the vessel, in all probability, would have been dashed to pieces;

but this was preferable to being driven from the island with a scanty supply of provisions, and the ship in a crippled state, in a track where there was not an island within a thousand miles. Happily we had a number of natives on board, and, by making them all work, we succeeded by sunset, contrary to expectation, in reaching the harbour in safety. We got a new mast, repaired our damages and, in a few days, sailed again. Having a strong and favourable wind, we reached Aitutaki on Sabbath morning, in time to conduct the services of the day.

After remaining eight or ten days, with much interest to ourselves, and, we hope, advantage to the people, we returned to Rarotonga with a most singular cargo, principally consisting of pigs, cocoa-nuts, and cats; the king having obtained about seventy of the first, and a number of the last. Notwithstanding the singularity of our importation, it was peculiarly valuable to the inhabitants of Rarotonga; for, prior to this, they had no other than a breed of small native pigs, of which there were but few, as they were particularly tender and difficult to rear; and the cats were so valuable that one was quite a treasure, as the rats were astonishingly numerous; so much so, indeed, that we never sat down to a meal without having two or more persons to keep them off the table. When kneeling at family prayer they would run over us in all directions; and we found much difficulty in keeping them out of our beds. One morning, on hearing the servant scream, while making the bed, we ran into the room, and found that four of these intruders, in search of a snug place, had crept under my pillow; they paid, however, for their temerity with their lives. Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pitman, experienced equal inconvenience from these troublesome and disgusting little animals. Some of the trunks were covered with skin, on which the rats commenced very effectual operations, as they had done before upon my unfortunate bellows; and Mrs. Pitman having one night neglected to put her shoes in a place of safety, sought for them the following morning in vain: for these nocturnal rambles, being in search of a supper, had devoured them; and a pair of shoes in the South Seas is no contemptible loss. This, however, was a serious affair for their fraternity; for our friends complained to the authorities of the station, who forthwith issued a decree of extermination against the whole race of rats; and, after school, man, woman, and child, armed themselves with a suitable weapon, and commenced their direful operations. Baskets were made of the cocoa-nut leaves, about five or six feet in length, in which to deposit the bodies of the slain, and in about an hour, no less than thirty of these were filled. But, notwithstanding this destruction, there did not appear the slightest diminution, from which it will be perceived that cats were not the least valuable animal that

could be taken to the island. These, however, did not destroy so many rats as the pigs, which were exceedingly voracious, and did much towards ridding the island of the intolerable nuisance. Besides hogs and cats, Makes and those who accompanied him obtained a considerable quantity of native cloth and mats, which are highly esteemed, and of considerable worth at Rarotonga. Another valuable portion of our cargo was a large supply of cocoa-nuts; for, a short time before our first visit, a very disastrous war had taken place, in which the king and his party were beaten, and driven for a time to take refuge in a natural fortress in the mountains. The victors then cut down and destroyed all the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees, so that on the north, west, and south sides of the island, which were conquered by the inhabitants of the east, not an old cocoa-nut tree was to be seen. This supply, under these circumstances, was consequently of great value for seed. The king made a distribution of his treasures among his chiefs and friends: all were therefore delighted with the voyage.

Having never been to sea before, Makes had many wonders to tell. One of his expressions was, "Never again will I call these men warriors who fight on the shore; the English only, who battle with the winds and waves of the ocean, are worthy of that name." On our voyage to Aitutaki we had a strong wind and a heavy sea, and during the night the waves gave the vessel many severe blows, at which his majesty was much alarmed, and asked me very seriously if she would not be knocked to pieces; and, on being assured that there was no danger, he was for a time satisfied, but not so fully as to allow me to be for one moment out of his sight. The weather being very boisterous, I was under the necessity of frequently going on deck during the night: but on every such occasion the king followed me, and appeared to feel safe only at my side. As the wind was unfavourable, and we were three days and three nights in returning to Rarotonga, on the second evening the king began to get anxious and restless, fearing that we had missed the island, and were sailing "*i te tarava kaa*," or into wide gaping space. And when on the third evening the sun had retired beneath the horizon, and no land was descried, Makes became exceedingly distressed, almost despairing of again beholding his beloved isle. I endeavoured to console him, by requesting him to go to sleep till the moon should rise, when I promised that he should see the land. He replied by a very significant question, *ka mae ia e tama?* "Can I sleep, friend?" and determined to remain on deck until the time I mentioned, when, to his inexpressible joy, Rarotonga was in sight. His varied and singular expressions evinced the delightful emotions which the sight of the island kindled in his breast. Nothing appeared to excite so much astonishment as the accuracy with which we

could tell the time when land would be seen. His inquiries were unceasing, how it was possible we could speak with so much precision about that which we could not see.

On entering the harbour we were struck with the appearance of our house; for, as the ship had been built just in front of it, much rubbish had been collected, the fence surrounding the front garden was broken down, and the bananas and shrubs destroyed. This was the state of things when we left the island, but now not only was the fence repaired, and the garden well cultivated, but the dark red mountain plantain, and golden bananas, fully ripe, were smiling a welcome to us through the splendid leaves which surrounded the trunks that bore them. It appears that Mrs. Williams had intimated to the females who attended her for instruction, that it would afford her pleasure to have the pathway and garden put in order by the time of my arrival. They were delighted with the suggestion, and answered, "We will not leave a chip against which, on his return, he shall strike his foot." The following morning they commenced making the pathways. For this purpose they placed large flat stones for curb edging, and filled the intervals with *kirikiri*, or small broken pieces of branching coral thrown up by the sea; and strewed black pebbles amongst them, which, being intermingled with the white coral, gave to the broad pathway a neat and lively appearance. They then planted the sides with full-grown *ti** trees, interspersed with the gigantic taro, or *kepe*†. By their request their husbands undertook to repair the fence round the house, while they ornamented the enclosure with banana and plantain trees, bearing fruit which would be ripe about the time of our expected return; and the kind people appeared amply rewarded, by observing the pleasure which their work afforded us.

Arts and Sciences.

NEWLY-INVENTED MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

DECIDEDLY one of the most ingenious musical instruments for years presented to the public, has been lately invented by Mr. Jenkinson, the organist of Lurgan church. The principle, though not altogether novel, is improved upon in a manner quite unique. It consists of a large violin body, without neck or finger-board, placed horizontally on a frame, having a greater number of strings than the violoncello, which are acted on by a bow, at the one end, and a key-board, as in the pianoforte, answering to the left hand of the violin player. The entire of the strings are at once under the movement of the bow; and, to avoid the discordant effect which must ensue when a piano tone is required, any string is made removable at pleasure from the touch of the bow, by the

simple contrivance of a few treadles, wrought with the foot, and connected with a damper in the inside of the instrument. One great beauty of the invention is, that by the judicious disposition of the stops, each one produces the full chord of any key in which the performer thinks proper to play. The tone is most powerful; and, from the vast variety of notes capable of being produced, it forms one of the best orchestral instruments which we have seen. The writer heard it accompanying a grand piano, and the tone of the latter in some instances was wholly drowned by the strength of Mr. Jenkinson's instrument.—*Belfast News Letter*.

LIGHT OBTAINED FROM HUSKS OF GRAPES.

AN interesting experiment was lately made at Bordeaux, in the presence of the mayor, on the husks of grapes, when pressed, and the lees of the wine, in order to show their use for the purpose of lighting. A pound of the dried husks put into a red-hot retort gave in seven minutes 200 litres of carburated hydrogen gas, free from smell, and which burns with an intense light, and free from smoke. A second experiment with the dried lees was equally satisfactory.

FINE ARTS IN IRELAND.

It is a lamentable fact, that Ireland cannot boast of a solitary patron of the arts, properly so called. A collection of pictures by modern masters is unknown here, not so with our neighbours. The proud boast of an Englishman now a days is, that he possesses works of men of genius of his own country while they live: and he is happy to see the genius of Old England rival that of Greece or Rome in the happiest efforts of their skill; he lives to see it, and is happy in rewarding it. Many private gentlemen in England possess collections of the works of modern British artists not surpassed by the paintings of any age or country in the world. We should rejoice to find Irish gentlemen with the same enterprising spirit; but it is remarkable, that while Englishmen and Scotchmen laud and assist their countrymen, we find Irishmen unjustly traduce and avoid each other. We hope shortly to see this ridiculous and ungenerous habit abolished, that it may not become a proverb to the everlasting disgrace of the people. In Ireland there is one feature in the conduct of certain gentlemen respecting works of art which requires especial notice. Many hundreds of old pictures, to our certain knowledge, are sold annually by auction in Dublin, at the same time that many talented artists are languishing for want of employment, and even for their daily bread. The pictures which are sold in this way belong to the black invisible genius of Holland, &c., and are purchased with avidity by the savants of Ireland.—*Polytechnic Journal*

* *Dioscorea terminalis*.

† *Caladium odoratum*.

ATMOSPHERIC ELECTRICITY.

Among the numerous experiments on atmospheric electricity, which were made soon after Dr. Franklin's discovery, that of M. de Romas, assessor of the Presidial of Nerae, produced the most splendid results. M. de Romas made use of a kite seven feet five inches high, and three feet at the widest part, having above eighteen square feet of surface: the string was wrapped with copper wire. At one o'clock on the 7th of June, 1753, it thundered in the west; and, at half-past two, M. de Romas had raised his kite with a cord seven hundred and eighty feet long, inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, nearly; so that the elevation of the kite was about five hundred and fifty feet. A ribbon of silk, about three and a half feet long, which was tied to the lower end of the cord, was brought under cover of a pent-house, and fastened to a heavy stone: near the junction of the cord and ribbon there was suspended a tin tube, one foot long, and an inch in diameter, from which the sparks were to be drawn. There was also a discharging-rod, with a glass handle, twelve inches long, and provided with a brass chain of sufficient length to touch the ground when sparks were drawn from the tube. By means of the discharging-rod, M. de Romas, at first, obtained sparks as large as those produced by a good globe; and several of his assistants drew sparks with keys, and with the naked finger. These experiments continued for about twenty-two minutes, when the electricity disappeared; the little black clouds from which it was procured having passed from the zenith of the kite. In about seven minutes the electricity re-appeared; at first it was very feeble, but gradually increased: and sparks were drawn by the fingers, canes, and swords of the spectators. M. de Romas now touched the tube with his knuckle, and received a severe shock, greater than he had ever experienced from the Leyden vial charged by the best globes: seven or eight of the bystanders, having joined hands, received shocks which struck the feet of the fifth person. The storm now approached, and increased in violence, but not a drop of rain had fallen; although, in the zenith of the kite, and about sixty degrees around it, there were black clouds, which indicated a great increase of electricity. M. de Romas therefore determined on receiving the sparks only by the discharge; and, in this manner, drew several sparks more than two inches long, and of proportionate thickness; but, in a short time, the electricity became so strong, that, instead of sparks, sheets of fire, three inches long, and three lines in diameter, flashed to the distance of more than a foot from the tube. M. de Romas, at this time, when about three feet from the cord, having felt a sensation as if a spider's web was upon his face, advised his assistants to keep at a greater distance, and himself retired about two feet; and when about five feet from the cord, on again

feeling the same sensation, he retired still further. M. de Romas then stopped to observe what was taking place in the clouds above the kite: there was no lightning, scarcely any thunder, and not any rain; the wind was west, and so strong, that the kite rose about a hundred feet higher than at first. But on looking towards the tin tube, which was about three feet from the ground, he perceived three straws, of about a foot long, standing erect upon the ground, and dancing in a ring beneath the tube: this phenomenon lasted for about fifteen minutes, after which some drops of rain fell, and he again felt the spider web sensation, and heard a rustling noise, like the sound of a small forge bellows. This was considered a warning of a new increase of electricity, and he cautioned his assistants to retire to a greater distance; soon after which commenced one of the grandest scenes in these magnificent experiments,—the longest straw being attracted by the tube, an explosion followed, which some compared to the noise of a petard, others to the sound of a large earthen jar dashed upon a pavement: the fire which accompanied this explosion had the form of a spindle eight inches long, and four or five lines in diameter. The straw which had caused the explosion followed with great rapidity the string of the kite, alternately attracted and repelled, every attraction being accompanied by sheets of fire, and continual explosions. During this part of the experiments there was a strong smell of sulphur, and around the string there appeared a cylinder of permanent light, three or four inches in diameter; which, it was supposed, had the experiment been made at night, would have appeared to be four or five feet in diameter. Shortly after this the wind shifted to the east, and the rain fell abundantly, followed by some hail, so that they were unable to keep the kite up any longer.

M. de Romas, on the 16th of August, 1757, having again raised his kite with a cord above a thousand feet in length, obtained results even more astonishing than the preceding. The following account of this experiment is extracted from a letter, addressed by M. de Romas to the Abbé Nollet:—"Imagine to yourself sheets of fire, nine or ten inches in length, and one inch in diameter, with a noise like the report of a pistol: in less than an hour I had certainly thirty flashes of these dimensions, without counting a thousand others of seven feet and under."

W. G. C.

TO A FRIEND WITH A FORGET-ME-NOT.

On! take this little blue-eyed flow'r,
And hang it in the garden bow'r,
'Twill whisper thee at evening hour—
Forget me not!

When this sweet token thou shalt see,
Oh, wilt thou heave one sigh for me,
And think 'tis Julia whispers thee—
Forget me not!

J. M. BLONDEVILLE.

KING ALFRED'S SCHOLASTIC ATTAINMENTS,
AND HIS LOVE OF LITERATURE.

(Extracted from Mr. Wright's Essay on the Literature
and Learning under the Anglo-Saxons.*)

Our chief authority for the private character of King Alfred is the historian Asser, his contemporary and friend, a monk of Bangor, in Wales. Asser's testimony is, as might be expected, extremely valuable and interesting; but he indulges too much in trifles, often expressing great astonishment at things which were by means extraordinary, and making discoveries of what was not new; and he frequently judges of the monarch of the West Saxons as though he were speaking of one of his fellow monks. In those days, the first quality of a king was not necessarily the being able to read and write. Alfred appears, from his infancy, to have received a princely education. He was carefully instructed in, and habituated to, hunting and other royal exercises, and from an early age he was made to *commit to memory* the national poetry, to which he was never tired of listening. It was his love for this class of literature, and the temptation of a handsomely written manuscript offered to him by his mother, that encouraged the royal child to overcome the difficulty of learning to read. This he did not attempt until his twelfth year; and Asser, probably with little justice, attributes this supposed tardiness to his parents' negligence.

In Alfred's time the study of the Latin language had fallen so much into neglect, that even the priests could scarcely translate the church service, which they were in the constant habit of reading. The king himself regretted that he had not learnt Latin until a late period of life; but his sorrow was greater for the general ignorance of his countrymen than for his own backwardness. He then, as he tells us in his preface to the *Pastorale*, looked back with regret to the flourishing state of learning in England at an earlier period, "and how they came hither from abroad to seek wisdom and doctrine in this land, whereas we must now get it from without, if we will have it at all." He tells us, that when he ascended the throne there were few persons south of the Humber who could translate from Latin into English, and he did not believe that they were much better provided on the other side of that river. "I also called to mind," says the royal writer, "how I saw, before it was all spoiled and burnt, that the churches throughout the whole English nation stood filled with treasures and with books, and also with a great multitude of God's servants, yet they reaped very little of the fruit of those books, because they could understand nothing of them, since they were not written in their own native tongue. He then proceeds to express his wonder that the great scholars who had formerly lived in this island had not translated the Latin

books into English; but he attributes this to the little expectation which they could ever have harboured, that good scholarship would decline so much, that they should no longer be understood in the originals.

Alfred was ambitious of remedying both these evils, of supplying his country at the same time with scholars and with translations. With a view to the first of these objects, he invited learned men from abroad, and among the rest Grimbold, whom he made abbot of Winchester, and John of Corvei, whom he in like manner placed over the new monastery of Athelney. Among the scholars patronized by Alfred, we must also reckon the erudite but free-spoken John Scotus, famous for his knowledge of Greek, and for his severity and sourness of manners, by which, according to the story which was afterwards prevalent, he at last so provoked his scholars, that they fell upon him with their writing instruments and stabbed him to death. Alfred himself led the way in translating the Latin books into Anglo-Saxon. Among the works which we owe to his pen, the most important are translations of the *Pastorale* of Gregory, destined more particularly for the use of his clergy,—of the treatise of Boethius *de Consolatione Philosophiæ*, one of the most popular Latin books in the middle ages, and which was often translated into almost every language of Europe,—And of the *Ancient History* of Orosius, and the *English Church History* of Bede. Other translations were made by his order, as that of the *Dialogues* of Gregory, by Werfred, bishop of Worcester; and, no doubt, many others were eager to follow so illustrious an example.

We must not, however, let ourselves be led, by the greatness of his exertions, to estimate Alfred's own learning at too high a rate. In "grammar," his skill was never very profound, because he had not been instructed in it in his youth; and the work of Boethius had to undergo a singular process before the royal translator commenced his operations. Sighelm, bishop of Shireburn, one of Alfred's chosen friends, was employed to turn the original text of Boethius "into plainer words,"—"a necessary labour in those days," says William of Malmesbury, "although at present (in the 12th century) it seems somewhat ridiculous." And, in a similar manner, before he undertook the translation of the *Pastorale*, he had it explained to him—the task was perhaps executed sometimes by one, sometimes by another—by Archbishop Plegmund, by Bishop Asser, and by his "mass-priests," Grimbold and John. But Alfred's mind was great and comprehensive; and we need not examine his scholarship in detail in order to justify or to enhance his reputation. His translations are well written; and whatever may have been the extent of his knowledge of the Latin language, they exhibit a general acquaintance with the subject superior to that of the age in which he lived.

* The reader will find this pleasing Essay referred to in No. 945 of the *Mirror*. p. 137.

ABDUL ORRINDEC.

THAT fickle minister of Allah, whom the Franks call fortune, and picture as a blind-fold goddess, seemed resolved in heaping her favours on Abdul Orrindec, to show that her hand is not always unsteady nor her eye blinded. He was one of those instances which she delights sometimes to set before the sons of men, to convince them that inconstancy is no necessary part of her nature—that she can pour forth unmingled sweets, and crown with an unfading garland. Or, perhaps, she had consigned Abdul's earthly lot to the ministrations of those tender hours who are now attending him in the seventh heaven, and who had fallen in love with him before he left this world for his native seat.

Be this as it may—his lot was well seen to. He was a fortunate and a happy youth. Son of the prime vizier of our greatest sultan—a wise though indulgent father—he saw smiling around him all the luxuries which wealth and influence could procure. As he bounded through his spacious palace or fairy gardens on the banks of the Tigris, moving every limb with the agility of an antelope—his neck curving more proudly than the desert serpent's, his eyes sparkling above his cheeks like two stars above the redness of the northern dawn, enchanted the fair girls who had forgotten their native vales in his delicious grotto; and he saw, through the scented foliage, the glances of their beckoning arms.

He had a frame at once healthy and delicate. His pure blood, exquisitely sensitive to every delight, sported like quicksilver through his veins.

And Abdul failed not to partake of all the good which Allah had spread around him. The nimble courser, the dancing boat, the cooling sherbet, and the rich red wine; the maiden's bower, and the fresh sopsyes laden with music and perfume floating through it—he joyed in all.

But Abdul's soul was large. His eighteenth summer had not flown over him when he was found often alone. No: Hafs was with him—he conversed with the sweet bards of the days that are gone. His boat often lay still, midway on the broad, calm, sunset-flushed bosom of the Tigris, and their strains were in his ear. A new power woke within him; and he sighed with joy when he found that it could conjure up richer scenes than any within the blue mountains of Bagdad's horizon. He imagined.

And in his palace he gazed often and long on a marble head, such as the Franks have about their stairways and halls. It was one which his father had seized at the sack of Antioch—a head of the great Greek demigod, Plato. And Abdul gazed upon it till Haidee and gentle Lilus grew jealous of its broad, still forehead. And ere long the books of the Greeks were in Abdul's palace, and in his choicest shades, and in his boat; and a Greek captive taught him to read them. Abdul thought.

His days were now days of labour. Pleasure was no longer his business. His thoughts were with things afar, and with things past, and with things to come. One evening, as he was gazing from his window upon a noble palm—"Three years ago," he exclaimed, "how was I happier than thou art! I luxuriated in my health, and vigour, and comeliness, living on outward influences; and so dost thou. But now"—His eye glanced to heaven, first with pride, and then with gratitude.

He had sounded all the joys of sense; but thought and knowledge spread before him an ocean, which he might sail for ever, and discover neither bottom nor shore.

He saw the merry together in their merriment, and the thinker alone in his thoughtfulness; and he sighed not, but smiled as he reflected that he now found that happiness in himself, which he was once obliged to seek in companions. He loved his present pleasure the better that it was his own—that its spring was unknown and untasted by those about him.

He did not envy the gay their smiling and laughing; for he knew from experience that these were the tokens of mere bodily exhilaration. "When I smiled and laughed like the best of you, it was my body, I remember, that rejoiced; but now that my spirit is taking its pleasures, look into that, if you can, and you shall see it smile."

Thus thought Abdul. Would he have thought and felt, and been all this, had he grown up in labour and restriction! Or would he not, when he grew old and rich, have looked murmuringly upon his body, as not having afforded him all the enjoyment it could produce! Disgusted with that application of which he knew only the drudgery, and allured by that gaily and boisterous mirth of which he knew not the shallowness, might he not have resolved to make amends for a youth void of pleasure, by becoming that most loathsome of living things, a sensual and profligate old man!

How little knowest thou, O mortal, of thine own good! It may be well for thee, even to have been born a prince.

INFLUENCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

GREAT men are those who have felt much, lived much; who in a few years, have lived many lives. The tallest pines grow only in the regions of storms. Athens, the city of tumult, was the mother of a thousand great men; Sparta, the city of order, boasted but one Lycurgus; and Lycurgus was born before his laws. Thus, we see that great men most frequently appear in the midst of popular agitations: Homer, in the midst of the heroic ages of Greece; Virgil, under the triumvirate; Ossian, on the wreck of his country, and her gods; Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso, in the midst

of the reviving convulsions of Italy; Corneille and Racine, in the age of the Fronde; and Milton, chaunting the first rebellion at the feet of the bloody scaffold of Whitehall. And if we examine the individual destiny of these great men, we shall find them harassed by an agitated and miserable life. Camoens cleaves the waves, his poems in his hand. D'Ercilla writes his verses on the skins of beasts, in the forests of Mexico. Those of them, whom bodily suffering does not divert from suffering of mind, lead a stormy life, devoured by an irritability of disposition, which renders them a burden to themselves, and to those who surround them. Happy they who do not die before their time, consumed by the ardour of their own genius, like Pascal; by grief, like Molière and Racine—or victims to the terrors of their own imagination, like the miserable Tasso!

PRECAUTIONS IN PURCHASING A HORSE.

(From *Asley's scarce Treatise on the Management of the Horse*.)

APPROACH the stable very quietly, and by no means disturb the horse, that you may find out his imperfections; suffer no one to go near him until you have thoroughly observed his position while standing quietly in the stable: horses with tender feet, or otherwise lame, generally favour themselves in the part affected while in this state.

Being thoroughly satisfied with his appearance, order him out: but suffer no whip or spur to be applied to him, as correction, if he be a little lame or tender footed, will make him forget it for a moment. Let him be taken to a convenient place, between light and dark, that you may thoroughly examine his eyes; for all eyes in the sun appear much better than they rarely are, and it requires much skill to discover their degree of goodness.

Two things are to be particularly considered in the eye: first, the crystal; secondly, the bottom or ground of the eye.

Let your observations be rather oblique: if the eye appear good, not sunk in the head, and the sight free from spots, they are favourable signs; for if you expect to be carried safe, the eyes as well as the legs should be strictly attended to.

His age is known by his teeth: horses for the road or field should not be under five years old; though, in fact, the country dealers, by cutting the gums, make them appear older than they really are; a practice which ought to be entirely abolished.

I have observed horses at eight and nine years old, with a black speck in their teeth, much resembling the true mark, but then it was not hollow; for, at that age, the lower teeth are all even, when the upper are absolutely not so until the horse is twelve years old, (cribbleds excepted); at thirteen, the horses' upper and lower teeth appear nearly all even: at

fourteen, the teeth overhang, and get long: if any gentleman should dispute the fact, let him carefully examine horses at various ages, and he will find the above to be indisputable assertions.

View his withers, back, and croup; observe that his fore legs be not inclined to bend forward, and that he have no scars on the knees, or six inches below or above; the hair on the above place should lie equally sleek as on any part of the body; if otherwise, you may expect he has tumbled down; then, at all events, reject him.

The next point that comes under consideration, is, the walk, the trot, and gallop, in perfect *cadences* (being natural paces.) If any pavement is near, let him be mounted and ridden on it; even then suffer him not to be spurred, whipped, nor otherwise ill-treated. Observe that the walk be bold, that he be neither cut nor interfere before nor behind; scars on the inside of the legs, denote a horse not going well on them; but I must frankly confess, that the farrier is as often to blame as the horse.

His trot should be free, steady, and performed with great agility, two legs up in the air, and two down on the ground: if he appear sound in the trot, and please you in his different actions, order him to gallop.—Horses, galloping straight forward, may lead with the right or left leg before; but then the hind leg of the same side must immediately follow, otherwise they gallop disunited; a certain sign of not being properly instructed.—Horses, broken by able masters, commonly gallop with their right leg foremost, especially when turning a corner to the right hand; and if they turn to the left, will immediately change and take the left leg.

Being satisfied with the walk, trot, and gallop, and that the horse is sound and temperate in all his actions, as also thoroughly obedient to the bridle hand, I pronounce him valuable; for I have found by experience, that a horse well broken makes a man a tolerable good horseman, and nothing, that I know of, contributes so much to the attaining this desirable end, as the prudent and steady action of the rider.

The Oatherr.

Implicit Belief of Children.—Children dispute not, they believe as they are taught; the whole soul of a child is pure simplicity.—*Martin Luther.*

Extraordinary Tide.—On Saturday night between eleven and twelve o'clock, at the turn of the tide, the sea rolled in with a tremendous force at Weymouth, and was attended by a roaring noise like thunder. The cause of this phenomenon has not been ascertained.

A cube of gold, of little more than five inches on each side, contains the value of 10,000*l.* sterling.

The Royal Cheese, manufactured by the inhabitants of West Pennard as a present to the Queen, is of a regular octagon, thirty-seven inches in diameter, giving a circumference of nine feet three inches, and twenty-two feet in height; the produce of seven hundred and thirty-seven cows; and computed, upon the lowest calculation, to weigh upwards of ten hundred weight. It is surmounted by the royal arms, encircled in a wreath of oak and laurel leaves, of beautiful Spanish mahogany.—*Sherborne Journal*.

"An Irishman at the house of a friend of mine, the author of 'The Spy,' and 'The Pioneers,' discovered a part of the wood-work of a chimney-piece on fire, that endangered the whole house. He rushed up to his master and announced the alarming intelligence. Down he rushed with him; a large kettle of boiling water was on the fire. 'Well, why don't you put out the fire?'—'I can't surr.' 'Why, you fool! pour the water upon it.'—'Sure, it's hot water, surr.'—'Fact!'—*Mathews' Memoir*.

X Before the reformation, there were no poor-rates; the charitable doles given at the religious houses, and the church ale in every parish did the business. In every parish there was a church house, to which belonged spits, pots, &c., for dressing provision. Here the house-keepers met and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people came there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c. Mr. A. Wood assures me, (says Aubrey,) there were few or no almshouses before the time of Henry the Eighth. That at Oxon, opposite Christchurch, was one of the most ancient in England.

American Advertisement.—The following singular paragraph appeared lately in a New York paper: "Charles Kean—Charles Kean, quit the stage for a couple of months, or you will ruin your health. During the last week you have been playing against Death;—try it no more.

"*Despatch is the life and soul of business*."—The Great Western arrived at Bristol on the 5th instant, in twelve days and thirteen hours: the express announcing the arrival reached the Paddington station in forty-eight minutes from Twyford (thirty-two miles!)

First practical Discovery of Steam.—In the year 1606, Florence Rivault, a gentleman of the bedchamber to Henri the Fourth, and the preceptor of Louis the Thirteenth, discovered that an iron ball, or bomb, with very thick walls, and filled with water, exploded sooner or later when thrown into the fire, if its mouth were closed, or, in other words, if you prevented the free escape of the steam as it was generated. The power of steam was here demonstrated by a precise proof, which, to a certain point, was susceptible of numerical appreciation, whilst at the same time it revealed itself as a dreadful means of destruction.

Brother Jonathan outdons.—"The English government," says the *Press*, "a few years ago, left to three criminals condemned to death, the choice of dying on the gallows, or adopting the following conditions:—The first was to take tea, the second coffee, and the third chocolate, and to live as long as they could, but were to eat nothing with either; these conditions were eagerly accepted. The last, who took chocolate, died in eight months; he who took coffee, lived two years, and the tea-drinker survived three years. The man who took chocolate died in a state of complete decomposition, and so much eaten by worms, that, during his life, his limbs separated one by one from his body. The man who drank coffee was so disfigured after his death, that one would have said that the fire of heaven had burnt his entrails and calcined him from head to foot. The tea-drinker became so thin and almost diaphanous, that it was perfectly easy, with a candle in one's hand, to read a newspaper through his body by the intervals which separated the ribs!"—*Galignani's Messenger*.

The steam power employed in Birmingham is, at the present time, 3,436 horses' power, of which 2,155 horses' power is employed in the metal trades of the town. The number of steam-engines is 240, of which 65 are high pressure, and the remainder condensing engines. In the first thirty-five years after the introduction of steam power, only 42 engines were set to work; in the next fifteen years, 78 were erected; and in the last eight years, 120 have been established. The consumption of coal is estimated at 240 tons per day, and the number of persons employed, at 5,200 males, and 1,762 females.

In Daunt's-square, Cork, is the domicile of that ingenious citizen, renowned in lathering metres,

"One ROBERT OLDER,
Inventor sole of H'Eukerigensuelon,
Soother of beards."

The Camden Society have in preparation a "Collection of Political Songs, in Latin, Anglo-Norman, and English, written in this country, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries," to be edited by Mr. Wright; an "Account of the Origin of the Bishopric of Somerset, and a Collection of Ecclesiastical Characters," to be edited by the Rev. Joseph Hunter; the "Chronicle of Joseline de Brakelond," to be edited by Mr. J. Gage Rokewood; and a reprint of Kempe's "Nine Days' Wonder," which is a narration of his adventures in dancing a Morris, in the year 1600, from London to Norwich—a work of which only a single copy is known to be in existence, and that is in the Bodleian library, at Oxford.

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